WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS - THE UNIVERSE OF THE FU
PLANET
NOV.
NO. 33
COMICS
HUNT BOWMAN FALLS INTO A FIENDISH VOLTA-TRAP IN "THE LOST WORLD" MARS, GOD OF WAR
L. Renee

WHY GUESS?

GET THE BEST!

THE BIG SIX OF THE COMICS

EVERY ONE A WINNER... JAM-PACKED WITH FAST ACTION AND DRAMATIC ADVENTURE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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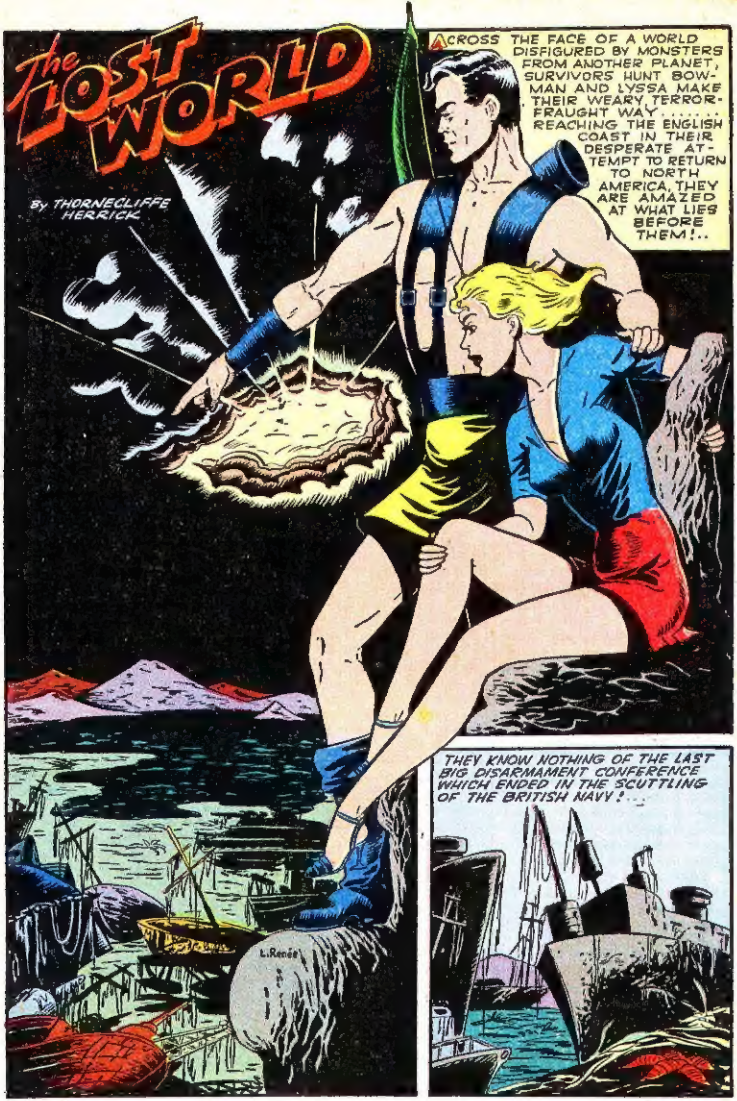
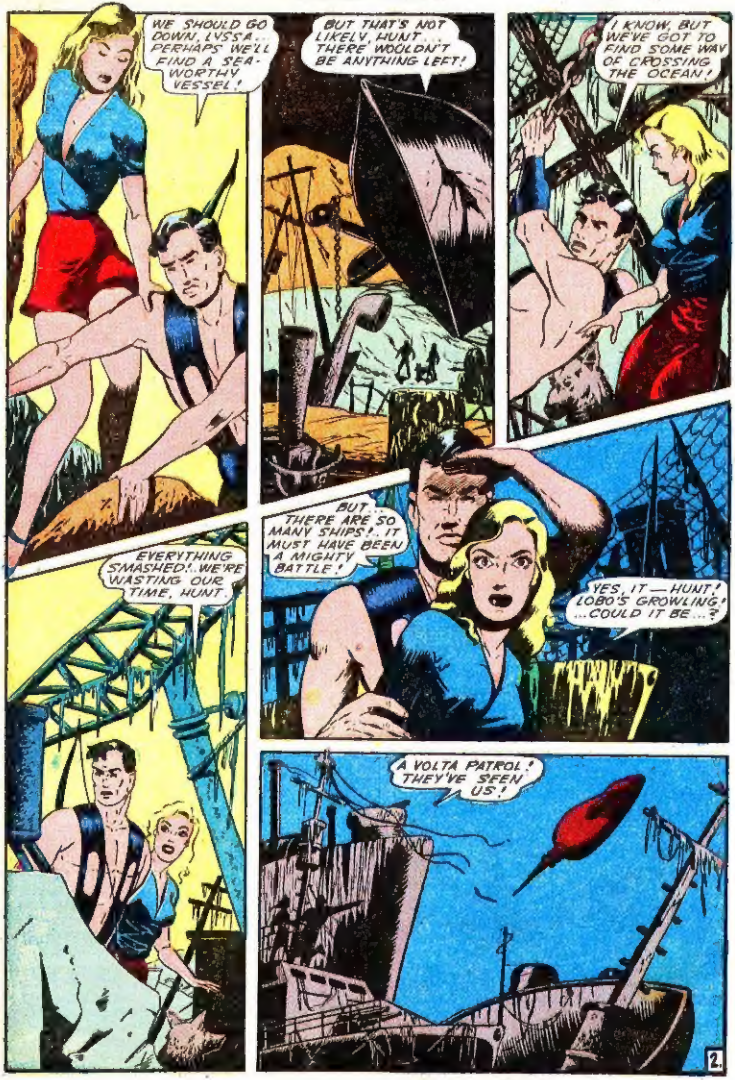
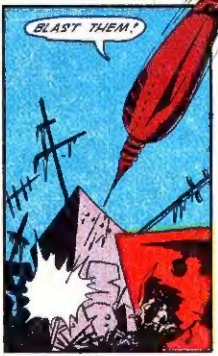
NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 34, JANUARY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 10th.


The LOST WORLD
By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
ACROSS THE FACE OF A WORLD DISFIGURED BY MONSTERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET, SURVIVORS HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA MAKE THEIR WEARY, TERROR-FRAUGHT WAY . . . REACHING THE ENGLISH COAST IN THEIR DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO RETURN TO NORTH AMERICA, THEY ARE AMAZED AT WHAT LIES BEFORE THEM!..
L.Renée
THEY KNOW NOTHING OF THE LAST BIG DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE WHICH ENDED IN THE SCUTTLING OF THE BRITISH NAVY!...

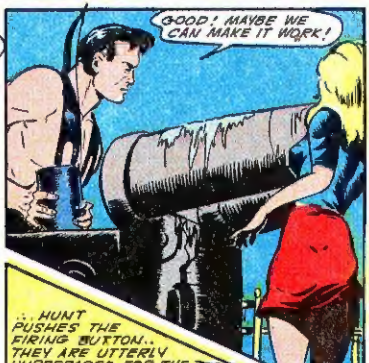

WE SHOULD GO DOWN, LYSSA... PERHAPS WE'LL FIND A SEA-WORTHY VESSEL!
BUT THAT'S NOT LIKELY, HUNT... THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING LEFT!
I KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OF CROSSING THE OCEAN!
EVERYTHING SMASHED!.. WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME, HUNT.
BUT... THERE ARE SO MANY SHIPS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MIGHTY BATTLE!
YES, IT — HUNT! LOBO'S GROWLING! ...COULD IT BE...?
A VOLTA PATROL! THEY'VE SEEN US!
2

THERE THEY ARE...THE EARTHLINGS WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO SHOOT DOWN!


BLAST THEM!

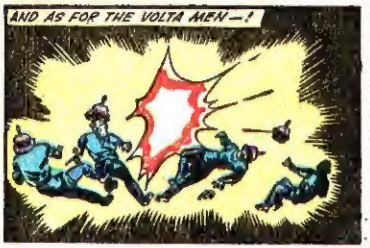
THEY'RE LANDING BETWEEN THOSE TWO SHIPS OVER THERE... THEY MEAN BUSINESS, LYSSA!

WE'D BETTER GO... THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY!
HUNT, THIS GUN IS POINTING RIGHT AT THEM...AND I SEE SOME SHELLS FOR IT, TOO!

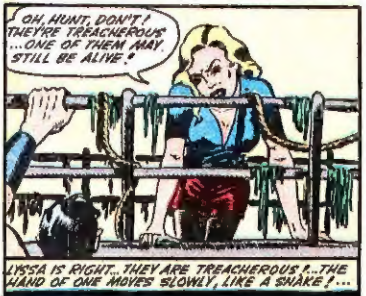

GOOD! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT WORK!

I'M NOT SURE WHAT'LL HAPPEN...MAYBE YOU'D BETTER HIDE -
WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU, HAPPENS TO ME, HUNT!... GO AHEAD!

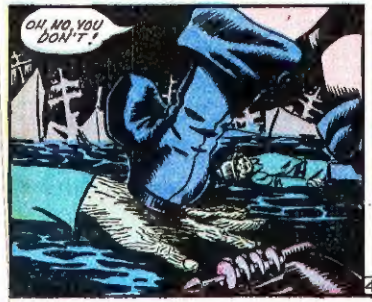
...HUNT PUSHES THE FIRING BUTTON... THEY ARE UTTERLY UNPREPARED FOR THE CONCUSSION!


AND AS FOR THE VOLTA MEN—!

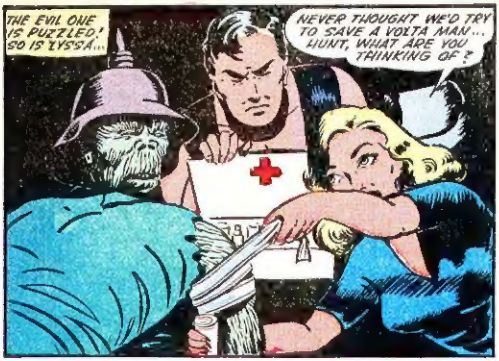
IT WAS A DIRECT HIT... THEY'VE ALL BEEN KILLED! BUT I MUST MAKE SURE—


OH, HUNT, DON'T! THEY'RE TREACHEROUS ...ONE OF THEM MAY STILL BE ALIVE!
LYSSA IS RIGHT... THEY ARE TREACHEROUS!...THE HAND OF ONE MOVES SLOWLY, LIKE A SNAKE!...

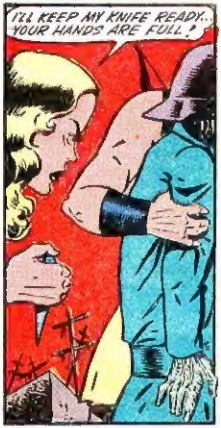
I'LL BE CAREFUL, LYSSA ...BUT—I COULD USE A LIVE ONE!

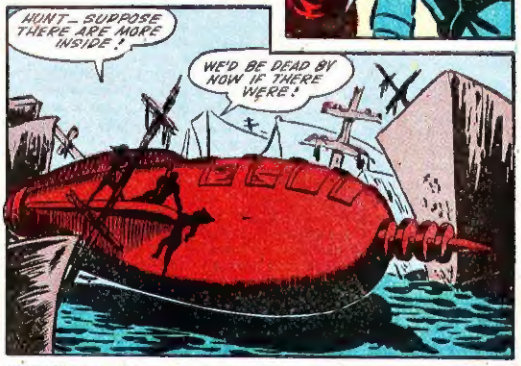

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT THIS CAN DO ...IF YOU MOVE!—LYSSA, LET'S PATCH THIS ONE UP!...HE'S GOING TO COME IN HANDY!
I SAW SOME MEDICAL SUPPLIES ON THE OTHER SHIP!


THE EVIL ONE IS PUZZLED! SO IS LYS'SA...
NEVER THOUGHT WE'D TRY TO SAVE A VOLTA MAN... HUNT, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?

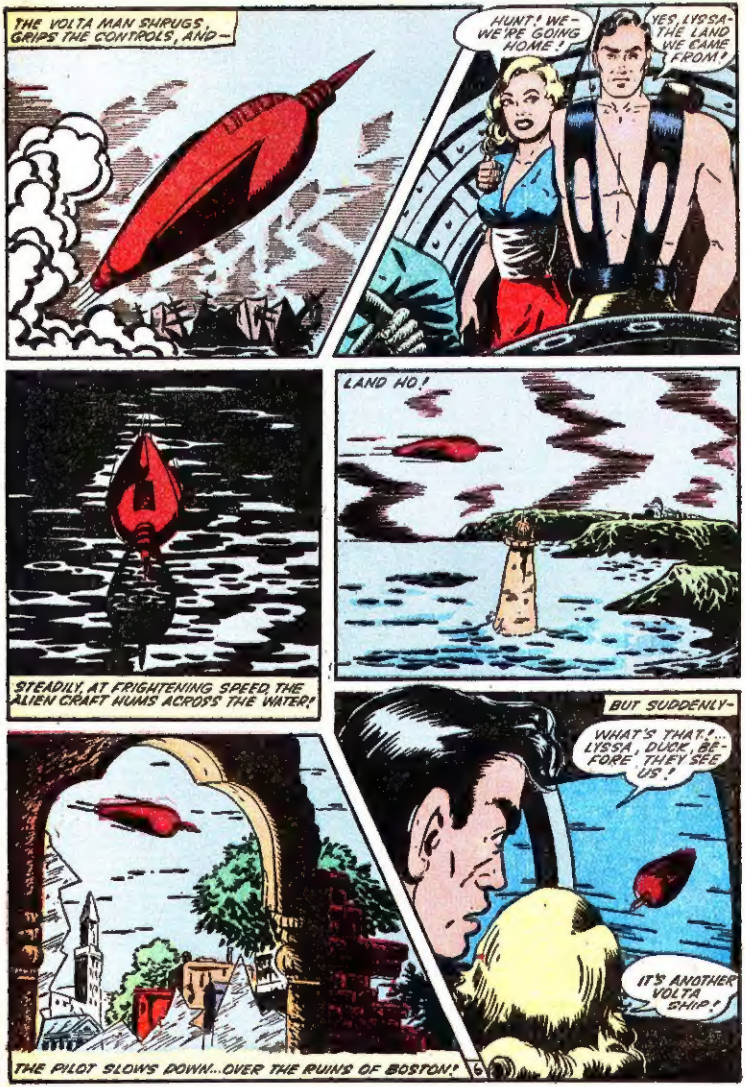
WAIT TILL WE GET HIM BACK ON HIS OWN SHIP... THEN YOU'LL SEE!


I'LL KEEP MY KNIFE READY... YOUR HANDS ARE FULL!


HUNT— SUPPOSE THERE ARE MORE INSIDE!
WE'D BE DEAD BY NOW IF THERE WERE!

GO-GO!
THE VOLTA MAN DOESN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND.

WE WANT TO GO THERE!
NORTH
AMERICA


THE VOLTA MAN SHRUGS, GRIPS THE CONTROLS, AND—
HUNT! WE—WE'RE GOING HOME!
YES, LYSSA—THE LAND WE CAME FROM!
STEADILY, AT FRIGHTENING SPEED, THE ALIEN CRAFT HUMS ACROSS THE WATER!
LAND HO!
BUT SUDDENLY—
WHAT'S THAT!—LYSSA, DUCK, BEFORE THEY SEE US!
IT'S ANOTHER VOLTA SHIP!
THE PILOT SLOWS DOWN...OVER THE RUINS OF BOSTON!

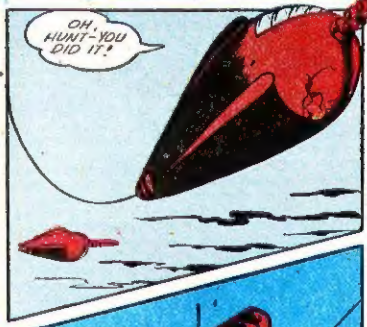
DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS! - PULL AWAY FROM THAT SHIP!
WILLINGLY THE PILOT COMPLIES...
BUT THE OTHER SHIP IS NOT TO BE DENIED!
HUNT, THEY'RE WARNING US!
I KNOW - AND NOW THEY'RE CALLING!
ANSWER! YOU ARE OVER HEADQUARTERS - HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE RULES?
ANSWER THEM! YOU DIE IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH
HUNT DOES NOT SEE THAT FINGER...NOR THE LIGHT THAT BLINKS OUTSIDE...BUT THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE NEXT RAY THAT LEAPS ACROSS THE SKY..!
PATROL XQ-10...! LOST MY BEARINGS!
NOW FOR THE SECRET DISTRESS SIGNAL!

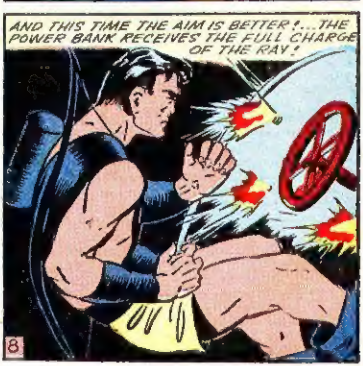
HUNT'S KNIFE LEAPS TOO....

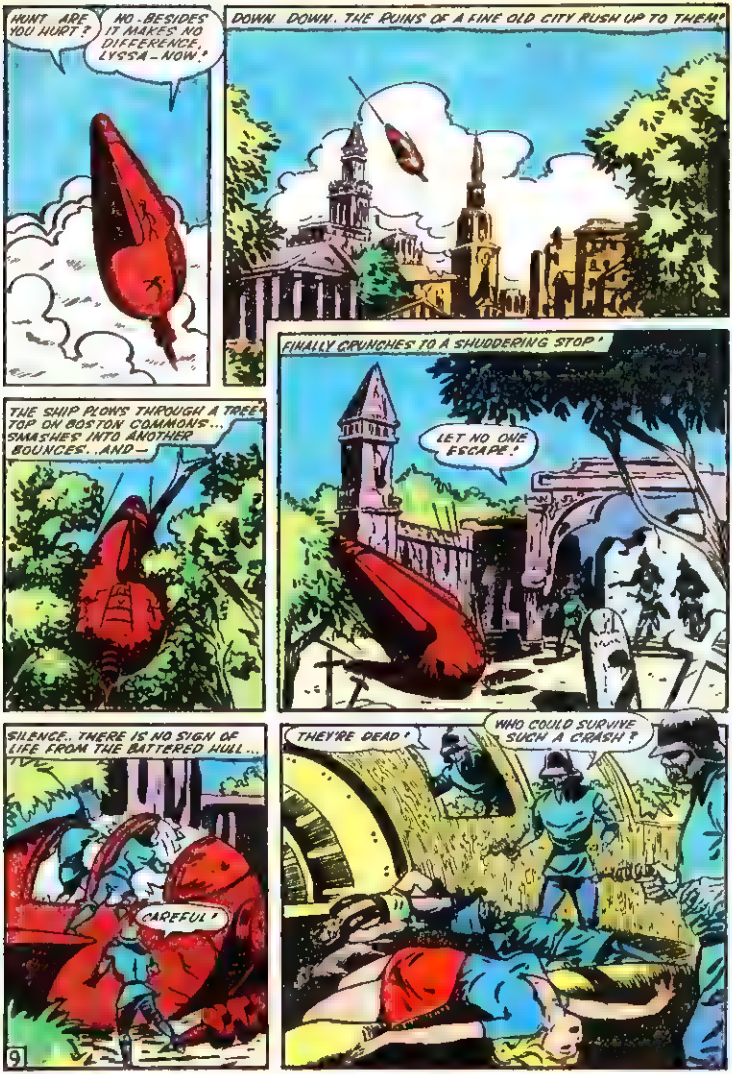
BUT DAMAGE WAS DONE. POWER FAILS ON THE SHIP BEARING HUNT, LYSSA AND LOBO.....IT GOES INTO A SCREAMING DIVE.

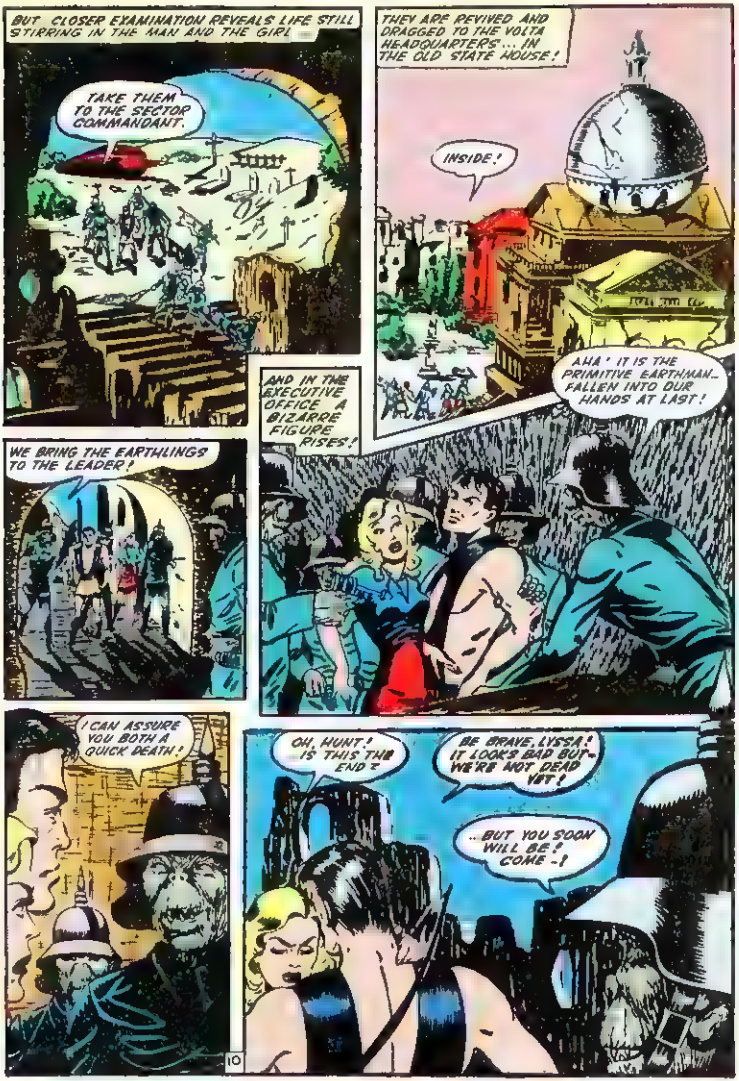
IF ONLY I CAN CONTROL IT!..I WATCHED HIM DRIVE IT—

BUT ON THE OTHER SHIP...
TRYING TO GET AWAY..! TOUCH HIM WITH THE RAY AGAIN!


OH, HUNT-YOU DID IT!


AND THIS TIME THE AIM IS BETTER!...THE POWER BANK RECEIVES THE FULL CHARGE OF THE RAY!
8


HUNT, ARE YOU HURT?
NO. BESIDES IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, LYSSA—NOW!
DOWN DOWN. THE RUINS OF A FINE OLD CITY RUSH UP TO THEM!
FINALLY CRUNCHES TO A SHUDDERING STOP!
LET NO ONE ESCAPE!
THE SHIP PLOWS THROUGH A TREE TOP ON BOSTON COMMONS... SMASHES INTO ANOTHER BOUNCES...AND—
SILENCE. THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE FROM THE BATTERED HULL...
CAREFUL!
THEY'RE DEAD!
WHO COULD SURVIVE SUCH A CRASH?

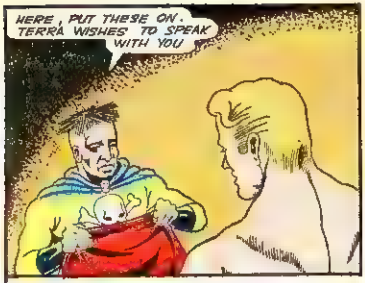

BUT CLOSER EXAMINATION REVEALS LIFE STILL STIRRING IN THE MAN AND THE GIRL ...
TAKE THEM TO THE SECTOR COMMANDANT.
THEY ARE REVIVED AND DRAGGED TO THE VOLTA HEADQUARTERS ... IN THE OLD STATE HOUSE!
INSIDE!
AHA! IT IS THE PRIMITIVE EARTHMAN... FALLEN INTO OUR HANDS AT LAST!
AND IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE A BIZARRE FIGURE RISES!
WE BRING THE EARTHLINGS TO THE LEADER!
I CAN ASSURE YOU BOTH A QUICK DEATH!
OH, HUNT! ... IS THIS THE END?
BE BRAVE, LYSSA! IT LOOKS BAD BUT... WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!
...BUT YOU SOON WILL BE! COME-!

TAKE THEM TO THE CELLARS AND TEST OUR NEW GAS PROJECTOR!
THERE SEEMS NO HOPE. THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY THE VICIOUS MEN FROM VOLTA AND MARCHED TO THEIR DOOM!
QUICK, LISTEN TO ME WE HAVE A CHANCE! DO JUST AS I SAY!
I-I TRUST YOU, HUNT!
LYSSA! DON'T STRUGGLE!
THE TUBES COUGH AND GAS PROJECTILES LOB TOWARD THE DOOMED COUPLE!
DOWN, LYSSA! FALL DOWN!
GLEAMING NEW WEAPONS ARE RAISED. MERCILESS EYES NARROW IN HATE!

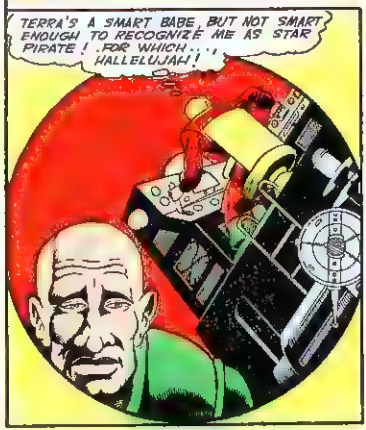
THE GAS IS A SUCCESS! I MUST SEE IF IT KILLS EARTHLINGS IMMEDIATELY!
BUT AS HE STANDS OVER HUNT...
IT DOESN'T KILL US AT ALL!
GRAB A GAS GUN LYSSA! THE GAS IS FATAL TO THEM!
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
THEY INVENTED IT! THEY KNEW IT WAS FATAL TO THEM!
AND SO YOU KNEW IT! AND WE HAD TO HOPE IT WASN'T FATAL TO US!
THE DEATH ROOM A SHAMBLES, HUNT AND LYSSA GAS THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM THROUGH STARTLED GUARDS!
HUH! BOWMAN STRUGGLES ON FOR THE LOST WORLD IN THE NEXT PLANET COMICS.

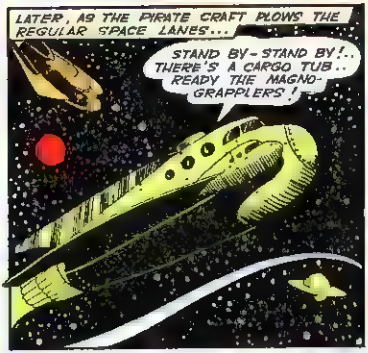
STAR PIRATE
by Len Dodson
THESE ARE THE BOOTS-THE WONDER BOOTS, THE DEVIL BOOTS, THE MADMAN'S BOOTS .. CALL THEM WHAT YOU WILL... THEY LAUNCHED A VOYAGE OF AMAZING ADVENTURE WHEN DESTINY FITTED THEM TO THE HEELS OF STAR PIRATE, ROBINHOOD OF THE SPACEWAYS!
ANDERSON
SPACE SHIP HOVERS OVER A LITTLE KNOWN PLANET..
HOP INTO YOUR ROCKO-CHUTE, STAR. ...WANT ME TO WAIT?
HMM.. GUESS NOT, SURA. GO ON BACK TO OUR BASE I'LL THUMB A RIDE HOME!
TAKE CARE, STAR. REMEMBER, THERE'S A BIG REWARD ON YOUR HEAD!
YEA, BUT WE NEED MAGNO-ACTIVATOR COILS BADLY. I DON'T THINK I'LL BE RECOGNIZED... S'LONG!
LAST STOP!... REVERSE ROCKETS!
SO FAR, NO ONE'S GIVEN ME A SECOND GLANCE
HE'S A STRONG 'UN. WE CAN USE THAT BODY! MAYBE...

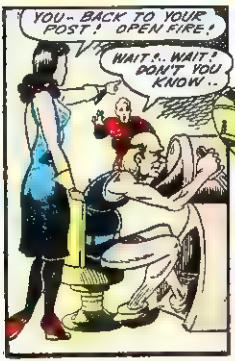
YOU DO THE BRAWNWORK, I'LL DO THE BRAINWORK!
WHILE.
THANKS, THESE COINS FILL THE BILL BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS STAR PIRATE?
NO, BUT IF I EVER DO I'LL TURN HIM IN FOR THE TEN THOUSAND TAO PEWARD!
AS STAR LEAVES.
HELP! HELP!
HEY, WHAT GIVES, SISTER?
THIEVES, THEY'RE KILLING MY BROTHER! PLEASE HELP ME!
LET'S GO!
IT'S JUST AROUND THIS CORNER!
GOOD WORK!. THROW THE FOOL ABOARD OUR SPACE SHIP WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
UH!
HOURS LATER
OHH MY HEAD WHERE AM I? HEY! WHO TOOK MY CLOTHES?
2

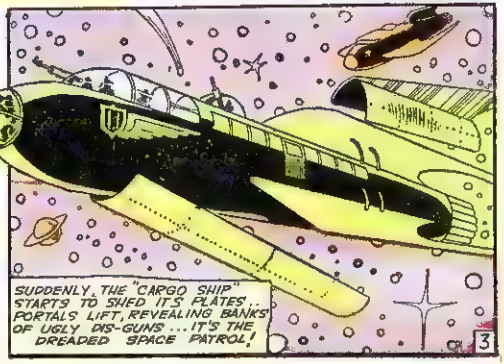

HERE, PUT THESE ON. TERRA WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU

TERRA HAS HER OWN METHODS OF GETTING A CREW FOR PIRATE SHIP YOU'RE BIG AND STRONG, GET TO WORK ON THE GRAPPLING HOOKS!
OKAY - OKAY.... YOU'RE TOTIN' THE BALL SO FAR! MY DOWNS'LL COME LATER.

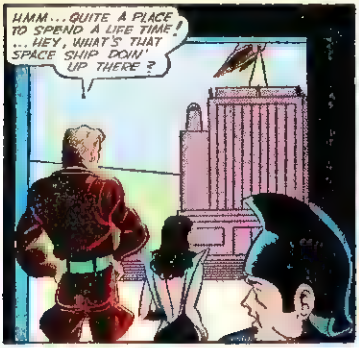

TERRA'S A SMART BABE, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE ME AS STAR PIRATE! FOR WHICH..., HALLELUJAH!


LATER, AS THE PIRATE CRAFT PLOWS THE REGULAR SPACE LANES...
STAND BY - STAND BY!.. THERE'S A CARGO TUB.. READY THE MAGNO-GRAPPLERS!

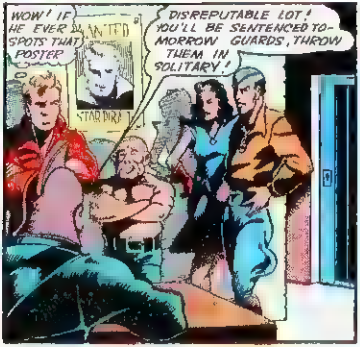

YOU - BACK TO YOUR POST! OPEN FIRE!
WAIT!.. WAIT! DON'T YOU KNOW..


SUDDENLY, THE "CARGO SHIP" STARTS TO SHED ITS PLATES. PORTALS LIFT, REVEALING BANKS OF UGLY DIE-GUNS... IT'S THE DREADED SPACE PATROL!

A JOHN LAW DECOY I TRIED TO WARN YOU!
SHUT UP!.. FULL POWER! MAYBE WE CAN OUTRUN THEM!
TOO LATE! THEY'VE CLAMPED IRANO MAGNETS ON US!
TAKE THEM ALIVE!
INSTANTLY, A FAY TORCH SEARS THE HULL OPEN.
THEN
PIRATE SHIP DESTROYED!... PROCEED TO XERON.
SWIFT MINUTES LATER.
TERRA'S MUGS' DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE! ONLY BREAK FOR ME IS THAT THE PATROL DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME IN THESE OLD DUDS!
LATER
XERON - THE PRISON PLANET!
4


HMM... QUITE A PLACE TO SPEND A LIFE TIME! ...HEY, WHAT'S THAT SPACE SHIP DOIN' UP THERE?

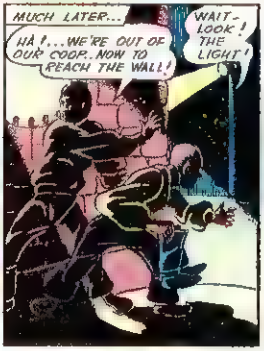
THAT'S THE WARDEN'S PRIVATE SHIP HIS PENT HOUSE IS ON TOP OF THE MAIN BUILDING.
YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, EH?
SILENCE! INTO THE OFFICE!


WOW! IF HE EVER SPOTS THAT POSTER
WANTED
STARBIRD
DISREPUTABLE LOT! YOU'LL BE SENTENCED TO-MORROW GUARDS, THROW THEM IN SOLITARY!

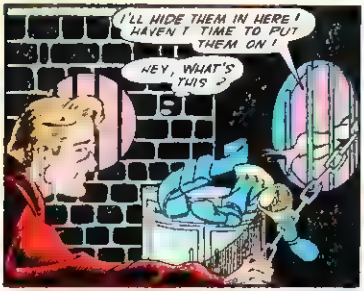
AS THE PRISONERS ARE MARCHED OFF.
ANOTHER BATCH. POOR SUCKERS!
NEVER MIND THEM! DID YOU BRING THE NEW COG?

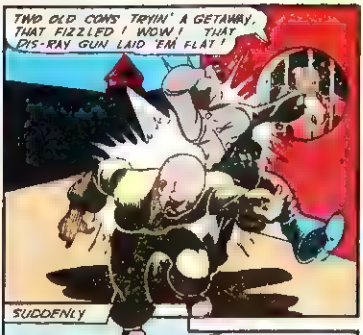
YES SIR!
GOOD, GOOD! THIS COMPLETES THE CIRCUIT OF THE GRAVITO ELECTRONIUM UNIT!

THERE, IT'S IN! I'VE SPENT YEARS INVENTING THESE BOOTS AND BELT, AND NOW THEY'RE FINISHED! ESCAPE ESCAPE IS WITHIN OUR GRASP! TONIGHT


MUCH LATER...
HA!...WE'RE OUT OF OUR COOP. NOW TO REACH THE WALL!
WAIT-LOOK! THE LIGHT!

QUICK!-THE BOOTS-THE BELT-GET RID OF THEM!


I'LL HIDE THEM IN HERE! HAVEN'T TIME TO PUT THEM ON!
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

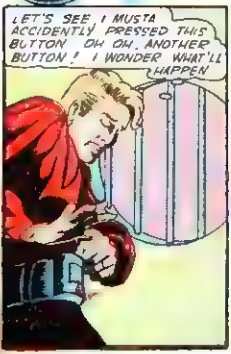

TWO OLD COWS TRYIN' A GETAWAY. THAT FIZZLED! WOW! THAT DIS-RAY GUN LAID 'EM FLAT!
SUDDENLY

BUT WHY THE BOOTS AND BELT? HMM. I'LL TRY 'EM ON THEY'RE BETTER'N THE JUNK I'M SPORTIN'

NOT BAD!..WHAT'S THIS ON THE BELT? FEELS LIKE A BUTTON

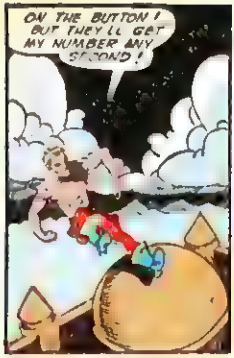
WHOP!

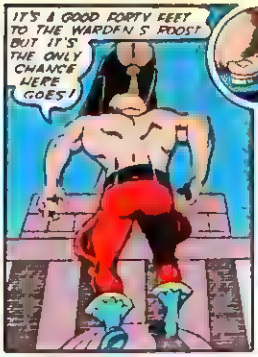
OWW!-MY NOGGIN! WHAT HAPPENED?

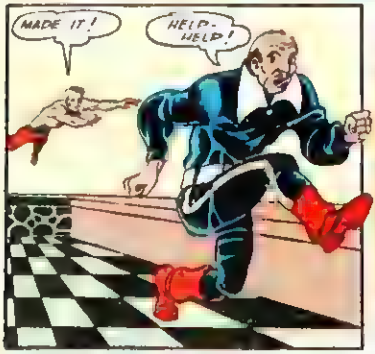

LET'S SEE. I MUSTA ACCIDENTLY PRESSED THIS BUTTON. OH OH. ANOTHER BUTTON! I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN

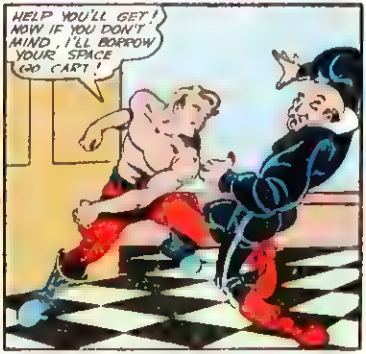
WHOOSH!..WOW! I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS! SAY WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE
6

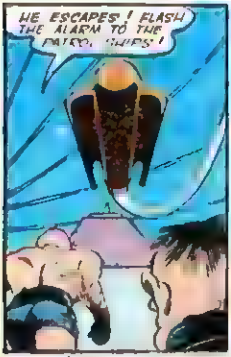
NEXT MORNING, AMONG THE PRISONERS ASSIGNED TO WORK PITS..
GOTTA BIDE MY TIME WITH MY BOOT ACT . HOPE LAST NIGHT WASN'T A PIPE DREAM !
ABOVE...
AHH, A DELIGHTFUL PRISONER. I MUST REMEMBER TO VISIT HER CELL TONIGHT!
... GUARD'S DISTRACTED ! IT'S NOW OR NEVER !
IT WORKED - IT WORKED !
TOWER GUARDS SLINGING PARALYZING RAYS MY WAY - C'MON, BOOTS, LET'S GO PLACES !
OOF!
INSTANTLY, STAR SPRAYS THE COURTYARD WITH PARA-RAYS.
FROM ABOVE..
GUARDS - GUARDS ! CHANGE FROM PARALYZING TO DISINTEGRATOR RAYS ! KILL THAT MANIAC !
WARDEN'S ROUNDIN' UP HIS STOOGES . IF I MISS THAT PARAPET..


ON THE BUTTON! BUT THEY'LL GET MY NUMBER ANY SECOND!


IT'S A GOOD FORTY FEET TO THE WARDEN'S ROOST! BUT IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE HE'LL GIVE!
ZAP


MADE IT!
HELP-HELP!


HELP YOU'LL GET! NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL BORROW YOUR SPACE GO CART!


HE ESCAPES! FLASH THE ALARM TO THE PATROL SHIPS!

LATER, ON STAR'S HIDEOUT
SPACE PATROL! HOW'D THEY FIND... WHY, IT'S STAR! LUCKY I HAD ON MY WRIST RADIO

C'MON STAR GIVE! WHERE'D YOU BEEN? WHERE'RE THE JOLS AND WHAT ARE THOSE BOOTS
THE BOOTS, GUESS? WHY AH TRY 'EM ON! WILL YOU WHITE I MON KEY WITH THIS BELT? YOU'LL GET A LIFT OUT O' THEM!

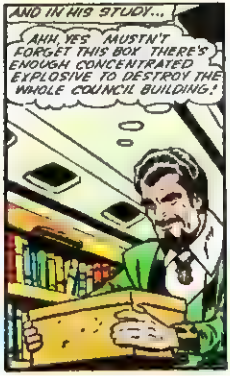
FLINT BAKER and REEF RYAN SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

THE PLOT WAS MURDER BY REMOTE CONTROL — A MAN WITHOUT A BRAIN DEVISED IT, AND FLINT BAKER AND REEF RYAN WERE THE HELPLESS ONES WHO MUST SIT IN THE HALLS OF FATE AND WATCH IT HAPPEN!

AWW, NUTS! WHY'D THE VICEROY SADDLE US WITH A NURSEMAID JOB! WHO'S THIS TORA GUY DUE IN?
LISTEN, PAL, TORA'S A BIG SHOT FROM JUPITER WE'RE TO ESCORT HIM...
SIR

...TO THE INTER-PLANETARY COUNCIL MEETING. IT'S A BIG RESPONSIBILITY!
SEZ YOU! IT'S KID STUFF. WHAT C ULD HAPPEN?
DEPOSIT REFUSE HERE
S.D.-6
HELP TO KEEP YOUR SPACEWAY & TERMINAL CLEA


AND IN HIS STUDY...
AHH, YES. MUSTN'T FORGET THIS BOX. THERE'S ENOUGH CONCENTRATED EXPLOSIVE TO DESTROY THE WHOLE COUNCIL BUILDING!

WHEN THE GIRL LEAVES...
YOU SEE, TORA, I BEAR YOU NO ENMITY. BUT IT IS NECESSARY FOR ME TO TAKE YOUR PLACE. THAT COUNCIL MEETING MUST BE DESTROYED!

LATER...
LET'S GO, FLINT THAT'S OUR BABY COMING IN
SPACE RANGERS REEF RYAN AND FLINT BAKER, AS PER TELI-COMMUNICATION WE'LL USE THE HELI-HIGHWAY TO DRIVE IN...
THIS IS THE MAN.. I MUST GET CLOSE ENOUGH!
FLOWER, SIR? ONLY FIVE TAOLS.
NO-NO GET AWAY!
BUT I ONLY WANTED TO PIN A FLOWER ON!
YOU HEARD ME- GET AWAY!
GOOD, HE DOESN'T SUSPECT!
GOSH, I'M SORRY, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT; HERE, TAKE THIS!
COME ON, WE'LL USE THE ELEVATOR.
400 FEET UP, THE ELE-GIRDER MEETS THE HIGHWAY...
STILL USING THE OLD SUSPEN90-HIGHWAY...EH?
OH WELL, THEY COME IN HANDY NOW AND THEN...HOP IN...

A VIOLENT HISS, AND THE ROCKO-CAR STREAKS DOWN THE SKY-ROAD...
I'LL GAS UP TO FOUR HUNDRED, TORA, ...IT WON'T TAKE US LONG.
GOOD!..I'LL BE GLAD TO GET THERE SAFELY.
BUT, AHEAD, A ROTO-BLADE SPACE SHIP HOVERS
YOU FOOLS! THE GIRL HAS ALREADY LAID THE GROUNDWORK. LET ME HANDLE TORA MY WAY!
NO! DIRECT ATTACK IS THE BEST. LOOK BELOW!
THAT'S THEIR ROCKO-CAR..SMASH THEM!
HEY!...WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL— WE'LL CRASH THE RAILING..!
QUICK, GRAB YOUR SEAT CUSHIONS AND JUMP!
THEY'RE USING THEIR GRAVITO CUSHIONS TO LAND SAFELY—HURRY, TORA MUST NOT ESCAPE!
3

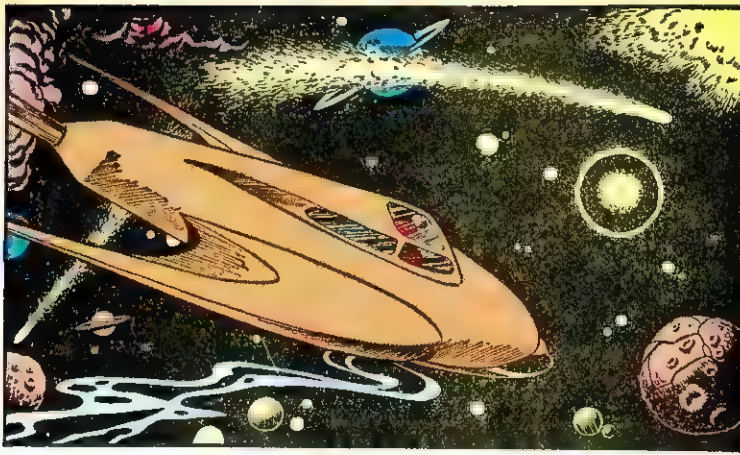
WE STILL HAVEN'T SHAKEN 'EM! BUT WHY....
THEY WANT TO KILL ME! SAVE ME!
QUICK, BEHIND THE ROCKS!
BACK...BACK, I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF 'TIL OUR SPACE PATROL SHOWS! TORA MUST REACH THAT MEETING!
C'MON, THIS WAY!
THOSE PIRATES DON'T SEE US HERE WE'RE SAFE FOR THE TIME BEING!
OHH! SOMEONE ABOVE, FLINT! WATCH OUT!
IT'S TOO RISKY TO SMOKE THEM OUT. QUICK, GRAB THAT SPACE RANGER AND WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!
I CAN'T SHOOT WITHOUT HITTING FLINT! THEY'RE MAKIN' A GETAWAY!
THAT FACE! IT IT CAN'T BE- HE COULDN'T DO THIS THING!
GONE! WHOEVER YOU WERE SPOUTING ABOUT DID DO IT!
BUT-BUT I KNEW OF HIM ON JUPITER HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN REMOVED!

MEANWHILE
IN WITH YOU AND NO TRICKS!
THEIR HIDEOUT, EH? I'LL REMEMBER IT WELL! NOW I'LL PEEK AT THE BIG SHOT!
YOUR-YOUR HEAD!
AHA, MY HEAD STARTLES YOU!. ONCE AN BRAIN WAS PARTIALLY REMOVED, BUT I SUCCEEDED IN OBTAINING ANOTHER!
THE FOOLISH ATTACK UPON TORA FAILED...NOW WE WILL TRY IT MY WAY!. I WANT TWO VOLUNTEERS WITH STRONG HEALTHY ARMS.
AHA, THIS ONE IS EXCELLENT. DON'T WORRY, THE ANESTHETIC WILL KILL THE PAIN.
THERE, IT IS DONE!
NOW TO ELECTRO-CAUTERIZE THE STUMP ONE MORE ARM AND MY PLAN IS COMPLETE!
HE-HE'S A CRAZY MANIAC!

MINUTES LATER
I'LL INJECT THIS RADIOACTIVE SUBSTANCE INTO THE TISSUE. THE ARMS WILL BE ACTIVATED BY THE METAL OBJECT MY FLOWER GIRL HID IN TORA'S POCKET.
THERE! NOW HURRY! WE MUST INTERCEPT TORA'S SECRETARY.
YOU, SPACE RANGER, WILL BE RELEASED AFTER TORA HAS BEEN KILLED. TORA DID THIS TO MY BRAIN. TELL THE WORLD THAT I, BRAINA, HAVE HAD MY REVENGE!
LATER, OUTSIDE THE COUNCIL MEETING
THAT ROCKO-CAR. TORA'S MESSENGER QUICK!
HELP! HELP!
AND AS THE CAR GRINDS TO A HALT
GIVE ME THE CASE! I'LL PUT THE ARMS INSIDE!
WHILE..
WHAT'S THIS? HOW'D THIS GET IN MY POCKET? OH WELL
HEY, WAIT A SEC DON'T THROW IT AWAY LET ME SEE IT!

SOMEONE'S BRINGING MY PAPER CASE. WHAT HAPPENED TO ALANA ?
WHAT IS THIS GIMMICK ?
BUT NO MATTER. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT I HAVE IT !
THANK YOU. THANK YOU. I'D LIKE TO SPEAK NOW
GENTLEMEN, I'VE COME FROM DISTANT JUPITER THE MEASURES YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING MUST NEVER PASS. I AM NOT THE REAL TORA, AND THIS CASE
..CONTAINS ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE TO BLAST US ALL TO ETERNITY.
THIS THING'S NO GOOD. I'LL GIVE IT BACK
EXPLOSIVE ! QUICK - SEIZE HIM !
HOPE FLINT'S STILL..
HUH ? BLAST ! EXPLOSIVE ! HEY, GOTTA NIP THIS !
TOO LATE, I'VE SET THE FUSE AND OPENED THE BOX ! OOH ! SOMETHING'S WRONG !
ARMS !
ACTIVATED BY THE METAL OBJECT, BEFORE TORA, THE ARMS SPARK TO LIFE !

HELP! AAAG!
HURRY!..HELP ME PRY THESE FINGERS LOOSE!
SECONDS LATER..
DEAD!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND..HE SAID EXPLOSIVE WAS IN THE CASE, YET THE ARMS...AND IF HE ISN'T TORA...WHERE IS TORA?
HOLD IT-GRAB...OHH, I'M TOO LATE! BRAINA TOLD ME HE'D KILL TORA!
NO TIME FOR GAB. C'MON TO TORA'S SPACE SHIP!
AND SOON...
THANK HEAVENS YOU FOUND ME! YOU SEE, THE MAN TAKING MY PLACE WANTED TO DESTROY THE COUNCIL MEETING
AND BRAINA WANTED TO KILL YOU, BUT GOT THE RIGHT GUY! SOUNDS SCREWY!
HERE, FLINT, A PRESENT FOR YOU A METAL GIMMICK THAT BELONGED TO THAT FAKE TORA.
FOR ME? SAY, THANKS, REEE!
SPACE RANGERS APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN RANGERS COMICS.



JUSTICE OF THE STARS

THE hate had come slowly, as most emotions do, growing out of the long weeks of being together in the cramped quarters of the tiny *Wanderer*. For the first few weeks and months, there had been talk and plans and the checker games that whiled away the weary hours when there had been no work to do.

Then the sullen silence had fallen like a pall over their companionship, drifting in between the two, separating them as surely as if it had been a steelite wall through which nothing could break.

Jim Crane had noticed it first, had given it but small heed. But his partner, Mort Burdock, had built up the tension, had curried and warmed it, until now they spoke only when they had to.

And from the warmth of the growing hate, the thoughts of murder spread. It was not the first time that murder had come into the depths of ebon space; that had happened many times before when men had grown insane from utter stillness and darkness.

But this had become more personal, now that their goal was almost achieved. It became a tangible thing in the cabin of the small ship, emanating from each of the men's minds, as they studied the instrument board where a red needle flicked erratically on a green dial.

"It's there," Crane whispered. "A fortune on that rogue asteroid."

Burdock nodded, watching the needle, his mind swinging back to the thing that had happened almost a year before.

They had been forced down on Mercury, landing where no other Earth ship had ever touched soil. There had been the terrible heat of the planet to fight, while they repaired their driving jets, along with the scaly monsters that literally lived in flames, their lairs built in the walls of the glowing lava lakes that dotted the Sunward side of the tiny planet.

They had lacked certain metals to finish their repair job, and had been attacked by the monsters, while searching for ore from which they could strip the metal they needed.

They had fought with their guns; but the

rays and bullets had done absolutely no damage. Then the weird people who lived beneath the crust of Mercury had appeared and saved their lives, driving the beasts into frantic flight.

But that had been like jumping from the frying pan into the fire, for the rescuers had superstitiously sentenced them to death. They had been caged in a prison below the surface, awaiting the day sentence would be fulfilled.

And it was then that they saw more wealth than they had ever thought existed. Mercury was a world of volcanic action, and the stress and strain of the heat had literally studded the earth with diamonds, along with gold and other precious metals. They had found a gigantic fortune, and were doomed to die.

Then Crane had discovered that the Mercurians needed a certain rare mineral to live, a radioactive mineral without which their weird life process could not continue. And he had found out that all such mineral had been stripped from Mercury. With that knowledge had come a plan.

He had convinced the Mercurians that such a mineral could be found on other worlds or asteroids, and that he and Burdock would find a quantity and bring it back, if they were permitted to exchange it for the gold and silver and diamonds that were useless to the Mercurians.

The Mercurians had agreed, had even helped them find the metal with which to repair their ship. Crane and Burdock had blasted into space, equipped with a small instrument that would help identify the radioactive mineral when found.

They had taken along with them a small box given them by the Mercurians. Of some metal so indestructible that nothing could scratch its surface, it was hermetically tight, and protected them from the baleful rays of the mineral. A simple catch held the lid closed, and so smoothly machined was it, there was no trace of the joining. The Mercurians claimed that it belonged to their ancestors, and that they had never found the secret of duplicating or machining the metal.

They had stored the box in a closet, and begun their search for the key to tremendous wealth. For weeks they had searched the explored worlds, then had begun their search of the asteroids that flung through space.

They had discovered nothing in months, then had circled warily about this small airless asteroid, and felt wild excitement in their minds when they saw the needle quiver on the instrument.

"Land," Burdock said.

Crane nodded, flicked control levers, lowering the ship slowly to the asteroid. There was a barely perceptible jar, and then the thrumming of rockets faded.

Without speaking, the two men slid into their space suits, Crane lifting the metal box, Burdock holding the drilling tools, and they entered the air lock. A second later, the port opened, and they stepped to the cold surface of the asteroid.

Crane held the instrument in his hand, checking the figures, then pointed. They began to walk, going easily, despite the lack of

gravity, bouncing into the air at each step. For months they had done this, and it was second nature.

They searched for several hours before they found the mineral deposit and began drilling. Within an hour they had almost filled the Mercurian box. Lifting it easily, Burdock chuckled to himself, then laid it aside. He was ready to kill now, to get all for himself, and his hand reached for his gun.

He turned to kill Crane, and the other's gun shot him to death. He felt over the mineral box. Crane walked to his side, pushed his body callously away, closed the box's lid, snapped it fast. Then lifting the box, he walked heavily back to the ship.

Within the ship, he placed the box in a closet, then stripped away his space suit. Without another thought for his slain partner, he sent the ship spiralling into space, going at a reckless speed for Mercury.

And it was his speed that caused him to crash. The repaired jets could not take the awful power pounding through them, and collapsed just as he made his landing. The ship pinwheeled for hundreds of yards before coming to rest.

Crane was knocked unconscious, coming to hours later, seeing the Mercurians gathered outside. He put on his space suit, lifted the box, and stepped into the air lock. A second later, the port opened, and he was stepping into the thin atmosphere of the hot planet.

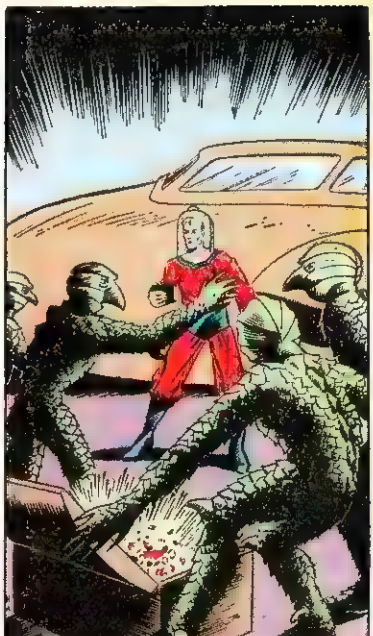
He placed the box on the ground, watched as the red natives brought up bag after bag of gleaming jewels and heavy gold.

"We need the mineral," one Mercurian said harshly, "for without it we will be dead within a few days. Open the box so that we may see that you have brought that which you promised."

"It's there," Crane said, bent and snapped back the catch.

His gloved fingers tried to open the lid, but could gain no purchase. A Mercurian tried to help, failed—then several more tried their strength.

Crane could feel the sweat on his face. He remembered how Burdock had fallen, wondered if he had jammed the lid. Then the truth came to his mind, and he tried to explain what had happened, tried to talk through the cries of hate that came from the suddenly savage natives who thought they had been tricked.



His hand went for his gun, and the natives attacked in a screaming wave of death. He fought for seconds, before they struck him down. His suit tore, and the heat and poisonous air came sifting into his lungs. He was dying, and the utter mockery of fate gripped his mind.

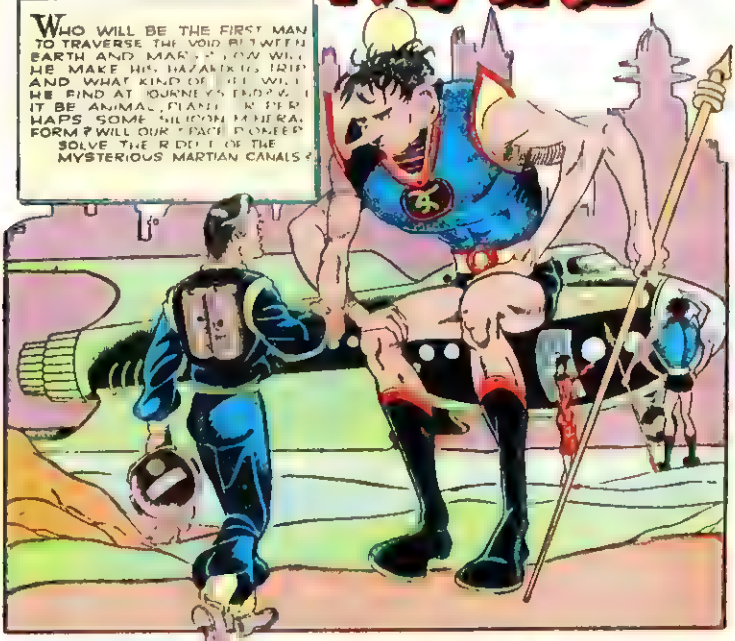
He knew why the box wouldn't open. It had been closed in the vacuum of space, without a bit of pressure inside. And now, with the air pressure of Mercury's atmosphere against it, the lid could not be opened.

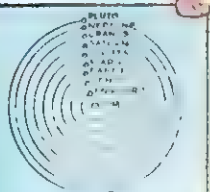
He tried to explain, and the words jammed in his throat. He tried to scream, but no sounds came from his lips. He seemed to hear the soft laughter of Burdock, as he died.

Life on other Worlds

MARS

WHO WILL BE THE FIRST MAN TO TRAVERSE THE VOID BETWEEN EARTH AND MARS? HOW WILL HE MAKE HIS HAZARDOUS TRIP AND WHAT KIND OF [illegible] WILL HE FIND AT JOURNEY'S END? WILL IT BE ANIMAL, PLANT OR PERHAPS SOME SILICON MINERAL FORM? WILL OUR SPACE PIONEER SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE MYSTERIOUS MARTIAN CANALS?



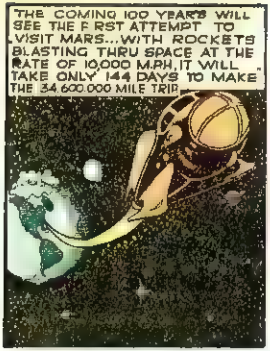


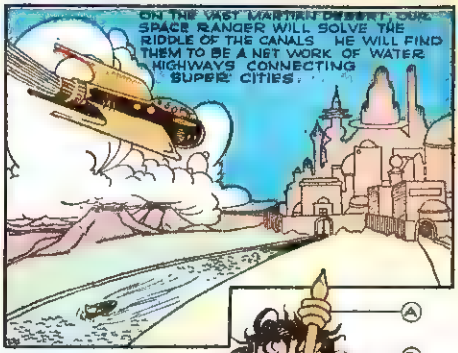
THE SOLAR SYSTEM
SHOWING MARS IN RELATION TO THE OTHER PLANETS

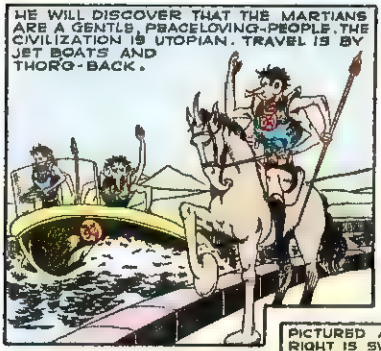
MARS

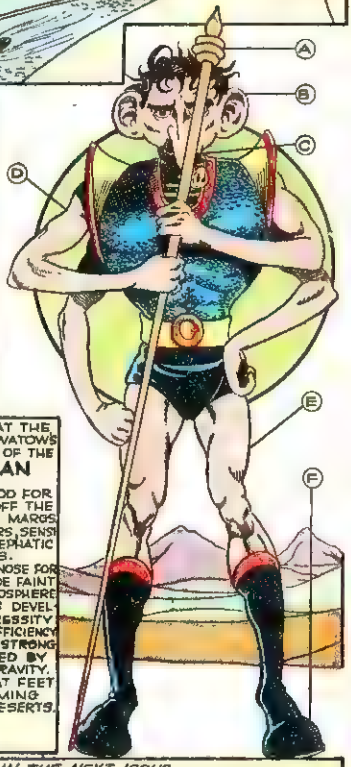
SINCE THE DAWN OF HISTORY, MARS HAS INFLUENCED HUMANITY. EARLY MAN WORSHIPPED THE BRIGHT RED SPECK IN THE SKY AS THE GOD OF WAR. BUT THESE PREHISTORIC DAYS ARE FOREVER GONE. SCIENTISTS NOW AGREE THAT MARS CAN AND DOES SUPPORT COMPLEX LIFE FORMS.

AT THE RIGHT IS PERCIVAL LOWELL'S CONCEPTION OF MARS, SHOWING THE PUZZLING CANALS


THE COMING 100 YEARS WILL SEE THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO VISIT MARS...WITH ROCKETS BLASTING THRU SPACE AT THE RATE OF 10,000 M.P.H. IT WILL TAKE ONLY 144 DAYS TO MAKE THE 34,600,000 MILE TRIP.


ON THE VAST MARTIAN DESERT, OUR SPACE RANGER WILL SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE CANALS. HE WILL FIND THEM TO BE A NET WORK OF WATER HIGHWAYS CONNECTING SUPER CITIES.

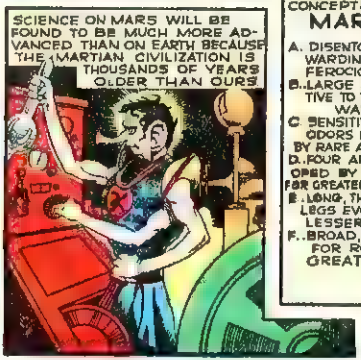

HE WILL DISCOVER THAT THE MARTIANS ARE A GENTLE, PEACELOVING-PEOPLE. THE CIVILIZATION IS UTOPIAN. TRAVEL IS BY JET BOATS AND THORG-BACK.



PICTURED AT THE RIGHT IS SWATOW'S CONCEPTION OF THE

MARTIAN

A. DISENTO-ROD FOR WARDING OFF THE FEROCIOUS MARGS.
B. LARGE EARS, SENSITIVE TO TELEPHATIC WAVES.
C. SENSITIVE NOSE FOR ODORS MADE FAINT BY RARE ATMOSPHERE
D. FOUR ARMS DEVELOPED BY NECESSITY FOR GREATER EFFICIENCY
E. LONG, THIN, STRONG LEGS EVOLVED BY LESSER GRAVITY.
F. BROAD, FLAT FEET FOR ROAMING GREAT DESERTS.


SCIENCE ON MARS WILL BE FOUND TO BE MUCH MORE ADVANCED THAN ON EARTH, BECAUSE THE MARTIAN CIVILIZATION IS THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLDER THAN OURS

IN THE NEXT ISSUE ... **LIFE ON VENUS** ...

Gale Allen and her GIRL SQUADRON

BY DOUGLAS McKEE

THE ORDER READ "DERELICT DRIFTING TOWARD SPACELANE 876 NEAR ARC 7..ON MERCATOR 8": AND WITH ALL ROCKETS SPARKING, GALE'S SHIP ROARED TO INVESTIGATE

THERE SHE IS! TWO POINTS OFF THE PORT BOW LOWER LADDERS.. AND PREPARE TO BOARD!

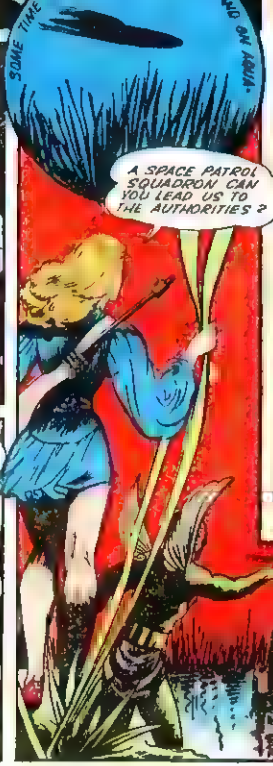
SECONDS LATER IN THE DERELICT'S CABIN.

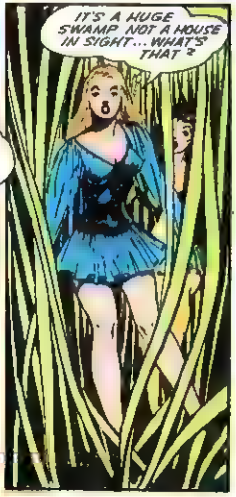
IT'S AS SILENT AS A TOMB — COMPLETELY ABANDONED. GOOD HEAVENS!

LOOK! THE SHIP'S SKIPPER! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!

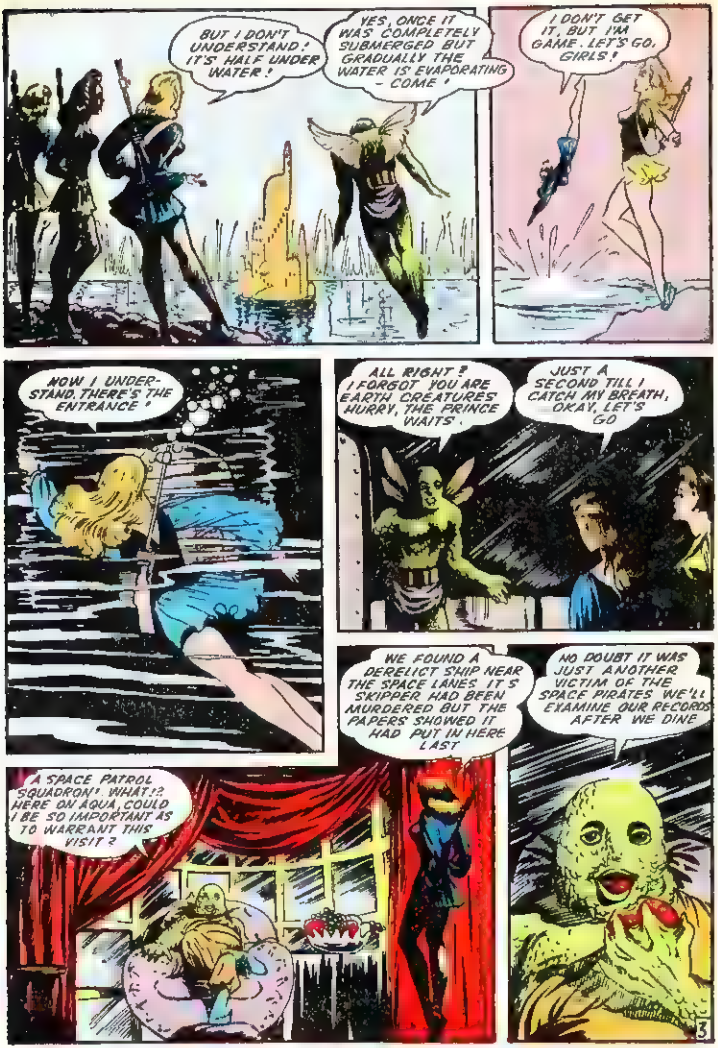
NO SIGN OF PASSENGERS OR CREW, EXCEPT THE CAPTAIN. SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE HAPPENED! WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR AQUA WHERE THIS SHIP PUT INTO LAST

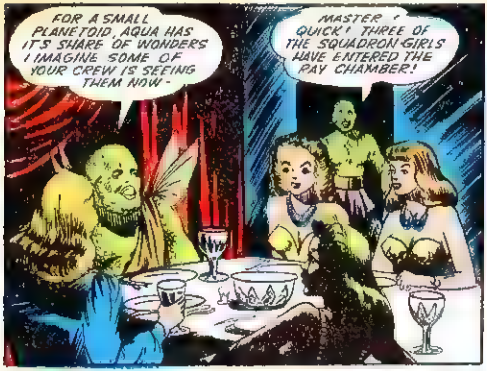
AQUA! WHY THAT'S THE WATER PLANETOID WHICH IS REPORTED TO BE DRYING UP!


SOME TIME LATER THEY PREPARE TO LAND ON AQUA.
A SPACE PATROL SQUADRON! CAN YOU LEAD US TO THE AUTHORITIES?
CERTAINLY...THERE'S THE PALACE TOWER... FOLLOW ME!


IT'S A HUGE SWAMP! NOT A HOUSE IN SIGHT...WHAT'S THAT?

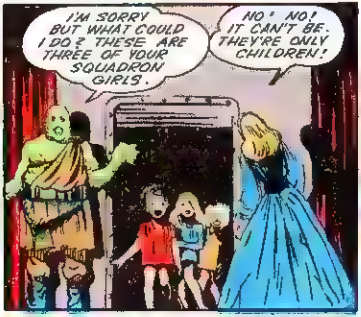
WELCOME, STRANGERS! WELCOME TO AQUA! BUT WHO ARE YOU?

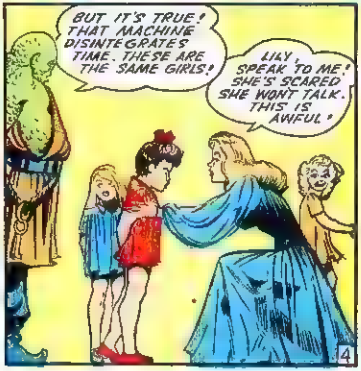

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S HALF UNDER WATER!
YES, ONCE IT WAS COMPLETELY SUBMERGED BUT GRADUALLY THE WATER IS EVAPORATING - COME!
I DON'T GET IT, BUT I'M GAME. LET'S GO, GIRLS!
NOW I UNDERSTAND, THERE'S THE ENTRANCE!
ALL RIGHT! I FORGOT YOU ARE EARTH CREATURES. HURRY, THE PRINCE WAITS.
JUST A SECOND TILL I CATCH MY BREATH, OKAY, LET'S GO
WE FOUND A DERELICT SHIP NEAR THE SPACE LANES. IT'S SKIPPER HAD BEEN MURDERED BUT THE PAPERS SHOWED IT HAD PUT IN HERE LAST.
NO DOUBT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SPACE PIRATES WE'LL EXAMINE OUR RECORDS AFTER WE DINE
A SPACE PATROL SQUADRON! WHAT!? HERE ON AQUA, COULD I BE SO IMPORTANT AS TO WARRANT THIS VISIT?

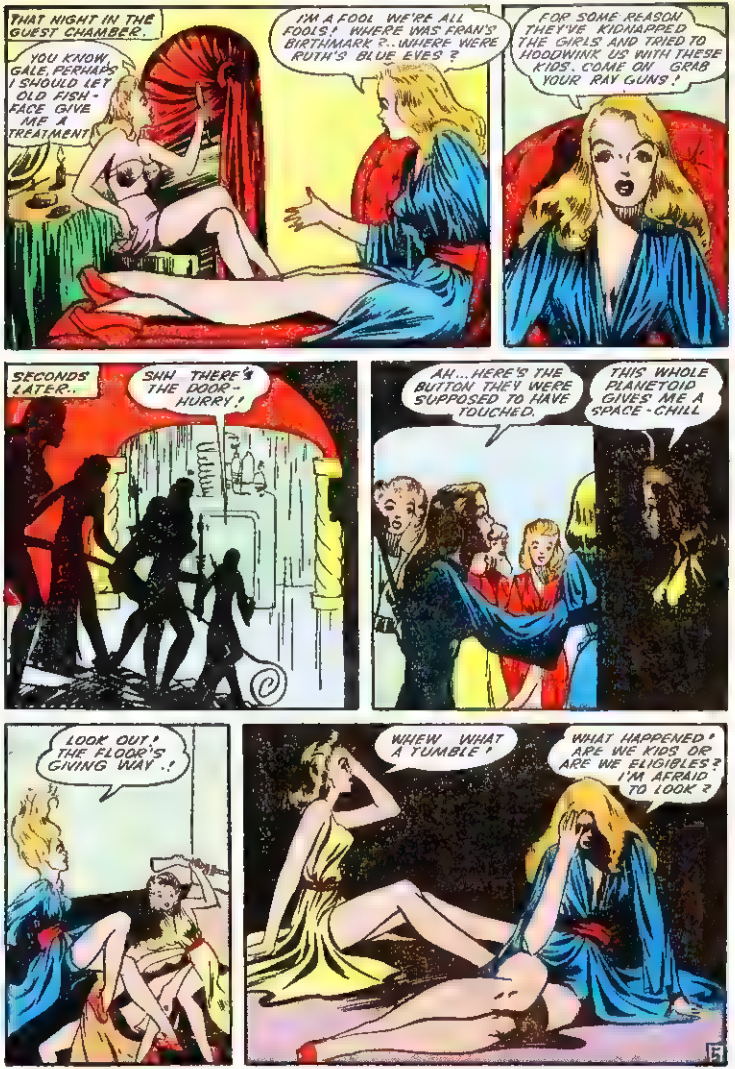

FOR A SMALL PLANETOID, AQUA HAS IT'S SHARE OF WONDERS I IMAGINE SOME OF YOUR CREW IS SEEING THEM NOW -
MASTER ! QUICK! THREE OF THE SQUADRON GIRLS HAVE ENTERED THE RAY CHAMBER!

HEAVENS, THIS IS TERRIBLE! QUICK, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN STOP IT!

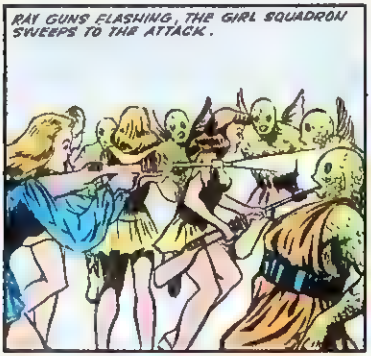
BUT AS THEY RUSH DOWN THE HALL
TOO LATE! TOO LATE! THE MECHANISMS STARTED SHUT IT OFF!
WHAT IN THE WORLD'S HAPPENING?


I'M SORRY BUT WHAT COULD I DO? THESE ARE THREE OF YOUR SQUADRON GIRLS.
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE: THEY'RE ONLY CHILDREN!

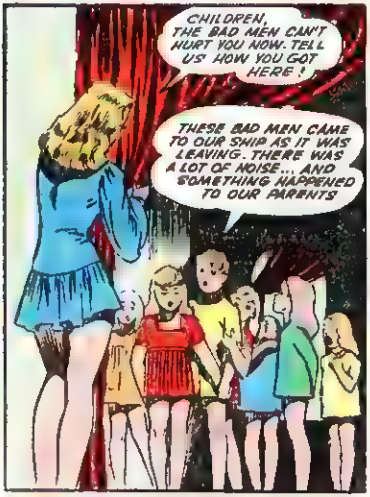

BUT IT'S TRUE! THAT MACHINE DISINTEGRATES TIME. THESE ARE THE SAME GIRLS!
LILY SPEAK TO ME! SHE'S SCARED SHE WON'T TALK. THIS IS AWFUL!

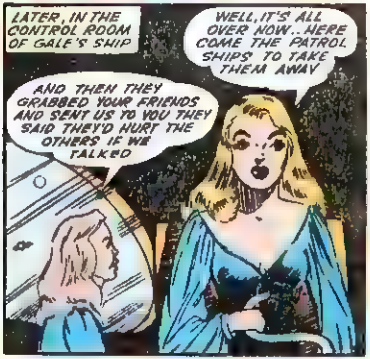

THAT NIGHT IN THE GUEST CHAMBER.
YOU KNOW, GALE, PERHAPS I SHOULD LET OLD FISH-FACE GIVE ME A TREATMENT!
I'M A FOOL WE'RE ALL FOOLS! WHERE WAS FRAN'S BIRTHMARK?..WHERE WERE RUTH'S BLUE EYES?
FOR SOME REASON THEY'VE KIDNAPPED THE GIRLS AND TRIED TO HOODWINK US WITH THESE KIDS. COME ON GRAB YOUR RAY GUNS!
SECONDS LATER..
SHH THERE'S THE DOOR-HURRY!
AH...HERE'S THE BUTTON THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE TOUCHED.
THIS WHOLE PLANETOID GIVES ME A SPACE-CHILL
LOOK OUT! THE FLOOR'S GIVING WAY..!
WHEW WHAT A TUMBLE!
WHAT HAPPENED! ARE WE KIDS OR ARE WE ELIGIBLES? I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!

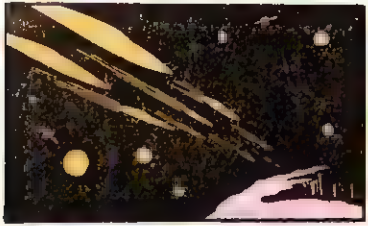
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE DUNGEON
DOCTOR, WILL IT WORK ? CAN YOU TRANSFER THE EARTHLINGS LUNGS INTO OUR PEOPLE ?
SHH.. MASTER ! HAVE BUT STARTED. THIS IS THE FIRST
WHAT A PITY THE CREW AND PASSENGERS FOUGHT US AND HAD TO BE KILLED. BUT THE CHILDREN HELPED FOOL THE SQUADRON LEADER AT LEAST YOU HAVE THREE ADULTS TO EXPERIMENT ON
YES, YES, I MUST NOT FAIL ! IN ANOTHER YEAR AQUA WILL BE ENTIRELY DRY. BY THEN WE MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH AIR LUNGS OR WE PERISH - WHAT'S THAT ??
LOOK ! ! LOOK ! THERE THEY ARE !
THE SPACE PATROL SQUADRON ! QUICK ! CALL THE GUARD !
GIRLS, I WAS RIGHT. ARREST THESE MONSTERS !

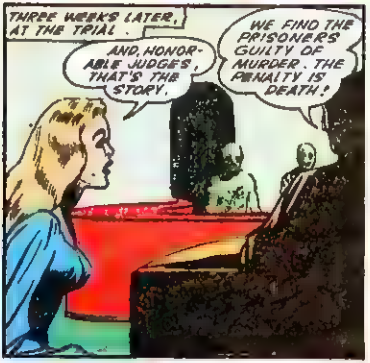

RAY GUNS FLASHING, THE GIRL SQUADRON SWEEPS TO THE ATTACK.

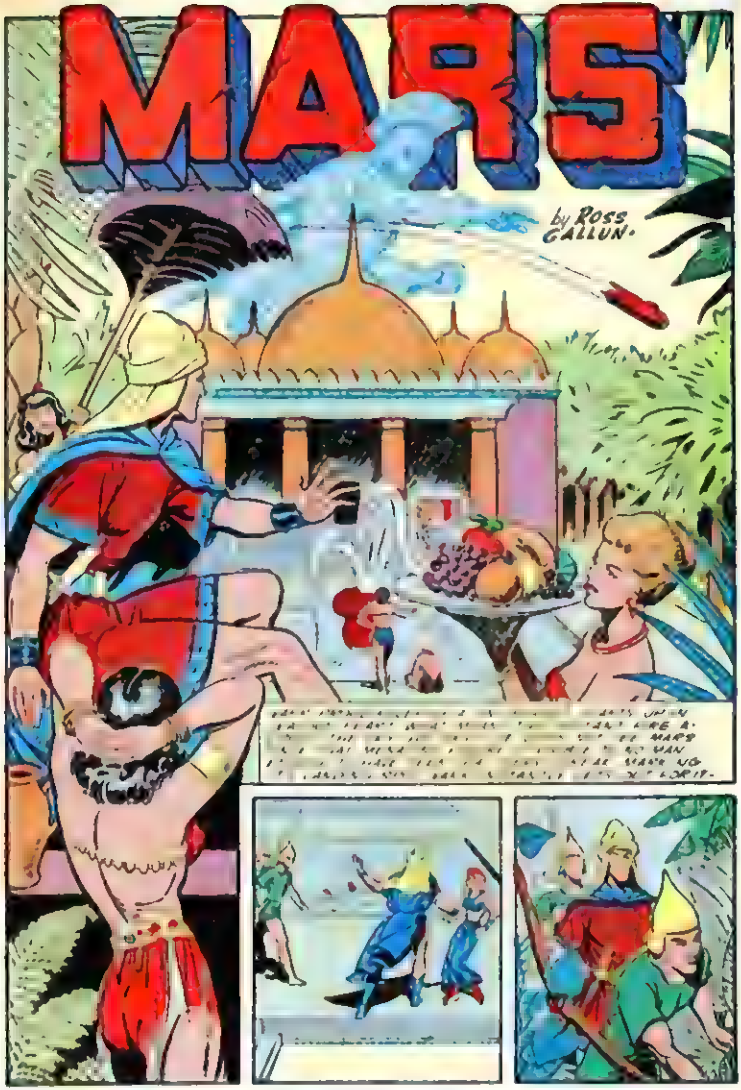
WE SURRENDER! MERCY...! HAVE MERCY!
CEASE FIRING, GIRLS!
LOOK! THERE ARE THE CHILDREN!

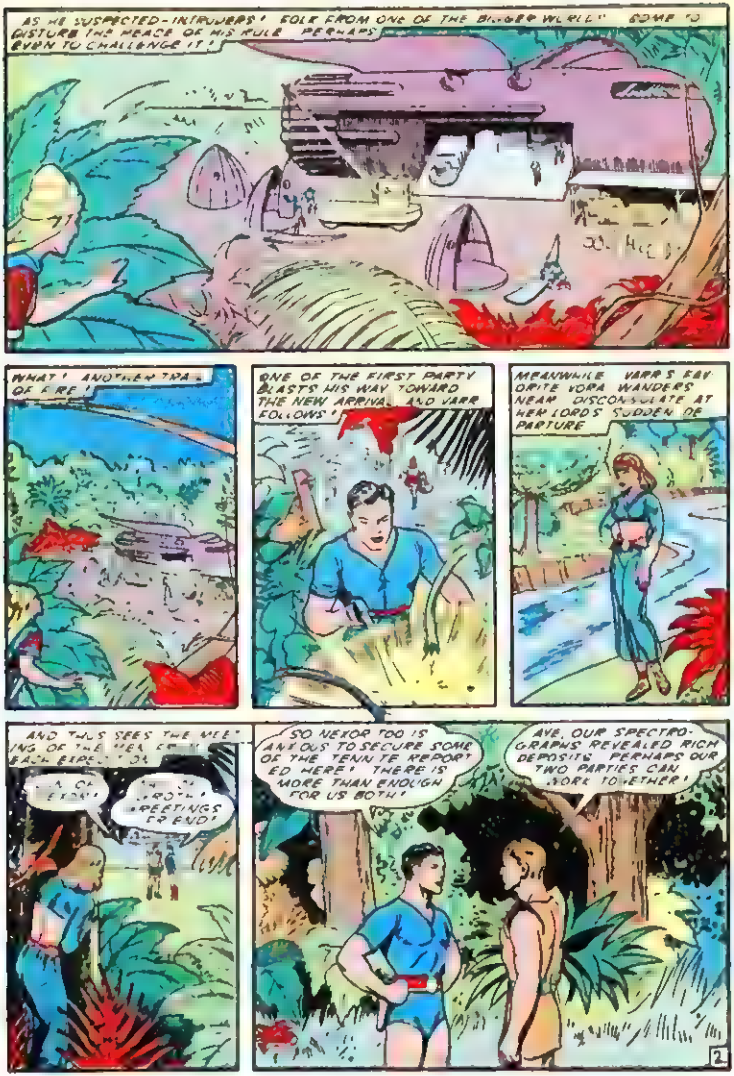

CHILDREN, THE BAD MEN CAN'T HURT YOU NOW. TELL US HOW YOU GOT HERE!
THESE BAD MEN CAME TO OUR SHIP AS IT WAS LEAVING. THERE WAS A LOT OF NOISE... AND SOMETHING HAPPENED TO OUR PARENTS

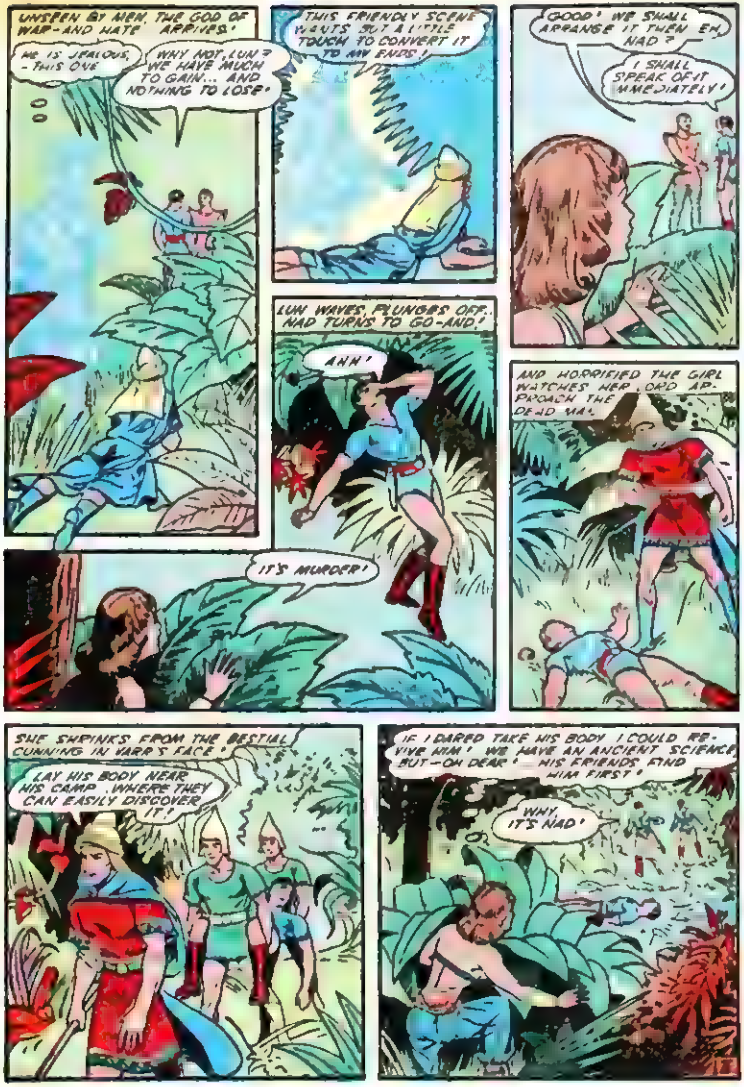

LATER, IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF GALE'S SHIP
WELL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW...HERE COME THE PATROL SHIPS TO TAKE THEM AWAY
AND THEN THEY GRABBED YOUR FRIENDS AND SENT US TO YOU THEY SAID THEY'D HURT THE OTHERS IF WE TALKED



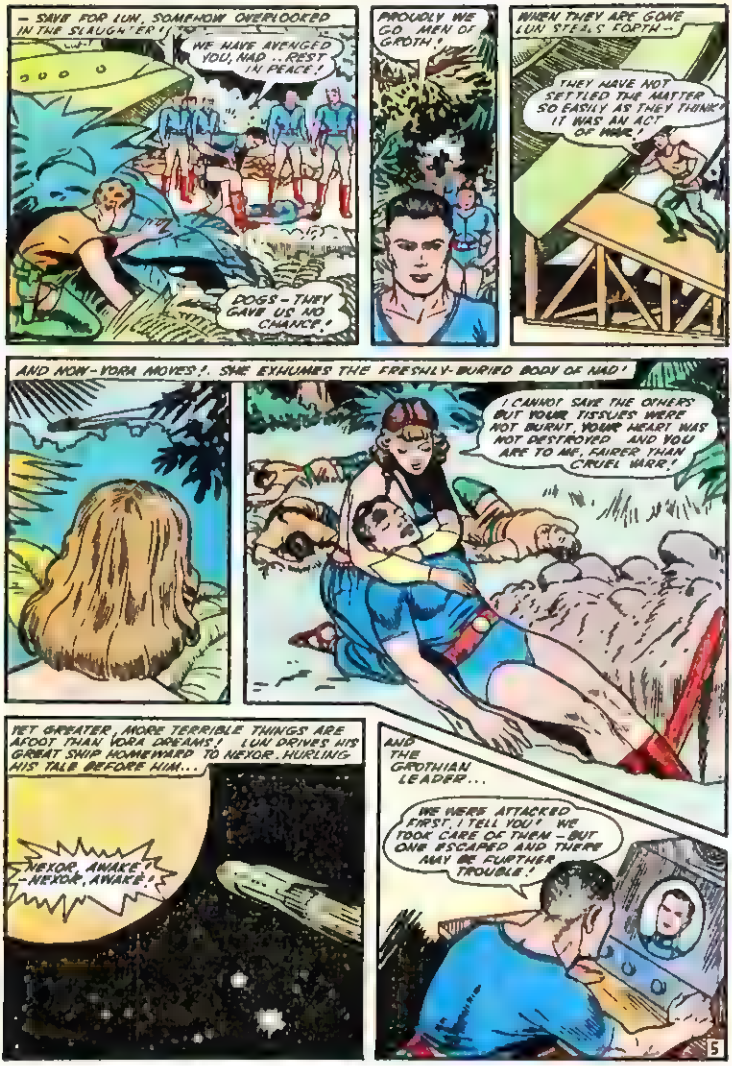

THREE WEEKS LATER, AT THE TRIAL.
AND, HONORABLE JUDGES, THAT'S THE STORY.
WE FIND THE PRISONERS GUILTY OF MURDER. THE PENALTY IS DEATH!


MARS
by ROSS CALLUN.

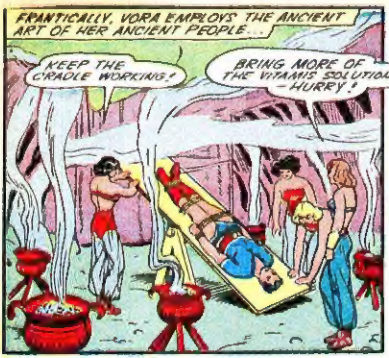

AS HE SUSPECTED - INTRUDERS! FOLK FROM ONE OF THE BIGGER WORLDS COME TO DISTURB THE PEACE OF HIS RULE PERHAPS EVEN TO CHALLENGE IT!
WHAT! ANOTHER TRACE OF FIRE!
ONE OF THE FIRST PARTY BLASTS HIS WAY TOWARD THE NEW ARRIVAL AND VARR FOLLOWS!
MEANWHILE VARR'S FAVORITE VORA WANDERS NEAR DISCONSOLATE AT HER LORD'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE
AND THUS SEES THE MEETING OF THE TWO COMRADES OF OLD
HOW! GREETINGS FRIEND!
SO NEXOR TOO IS ANXIOUS TO SECURE SOME OF THE TENNITE REPORTED HERE! THERE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR US BOTH!
AYE, OUR SPECTROGRAPHS REVEALED RICH DEPOSITS PERHAPS OUR TWO PARTIES CAN WORK TOGETHER!
2


UNSEEN BY HIM, THE GOD OF WAR—AND HATE APPROPS!
ME IS JEALOUS, —THIS ONE
WHY NOT, LUN? WE HAVE MUCH TO GAIN... AND NOTHING TO LOSE!
THIS FRIENDLY SCENE WANTS BUT A LITTLE TOUCH TO CONVERT IT TO MY ENDS!
GOOD! WE SHALL ARRANGE IT THEN EH, NAD?
I SHALL SPEAK OF IT IMMEDIATELY!
LUN WAVES, PLUNGES OFF, NAD TURNS TO GO—AND!
AHH!
AND HORRIFIED THE GIRL WATCHES HER LORD APPROACH THE DEAD MAN.
IT'S MURDER!
SHE SHRINKS FROM THE BESTIAL CUNNING IN VARR'S FACE!
LAY HIS BODY NEAR HIS CAMP... WHERE THEY CAN EASILY DISCOVER IT!
IF I DARED TAKE HIS BODY I COULD REVIVE HIM! WE HAVE AN ANCIENT SCIENCE BUT—OH DEAR! HIS FRIENDS FIND HIM FIRST!
WHY, IT'S NAD!

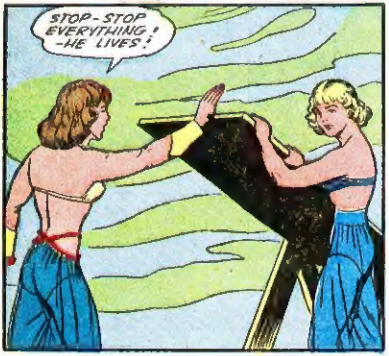
KILLED! AND HE WENT TO GREET THE NEXORIANS! MEN, FOLLOW ME - WITH POOR NAD'S BODY!
AND SOON, AT THE NEXOR LANDING -
GREETINGS, MEN OF GROTH! WHY, WHAT HAPPENS? AN ACCIDENT?
ACCIDENT? YOU ARE QUICK TO SUGGEST IT - BUT I SENT NAD TO GREET YOU!
I DON'T CARE FOR YOUR TONE! DARE YOU INSINUATE?
WE PROGRESS! WE PROGRESS!
WHAT ELSE? THERE IS NO ONE ELSE ON THIS LITTLE PLANET!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THIS LUN?
THE MAN OF GROTH IS MAD! I MET NAD IN THE FOREST AND—
SO IT WAS YOU, MURDERER!
..AND WATCHING, VORA'S EYES ARE SEARED WITH A NEW HORROR!
MAN KILLING MAN!
WE'RE READY FOR YOUR TRICKS!
WIPE THEM OUT!
UNSUSPECTING, UNPREPARED FOR THE VENGEFUL ATTACK OF THE GROTHIANS, THE NEXORIANS ARE DESTROYED!
4


— SAVE FOR LUV, SOMEHOW OVERLOOKED IN THE SLAUGHTER!
WE HAVE AVENGED YOU, NAD .. REST IN PEACE!
DOGS — THEY GAVE LUV NO CHANCE!
PROUDLY WE GO, MEN OF GROTH!
WHEN THEY ARE GONE LUV STEALS FORTH —
THEY HAVE NOT SETTLED THE MATTER SO EASILY AS THEY THINK! IT WAS AN ACT OF WAR!
AND NOW — YORA MOVES!. SHE EXHUMES THE FRESHLY-BURIED BODY OF NAD!
I CANNOT SAVE THE OTHERS BUT YOUR TISSUES WERE NOT BURNT, YOUR HEART WAS NOT DESTROYED AND YOU ARE TO ME, FAIRER THAN CRUEL WAR!
YET GREATER, MORE TERRIBLE THINGS ARE AFOOT THAN YORA DREAMS! LUV DRIVES HIS GREAT SHIP HOMEWARD TO NEXOR, HURLING HIS TALE BEFORE HIM...
NEXOR, AWAKE! — NEXOR, AWAKE!
AND THE GROTHIAN LEADER...
WE WERE ATTACKED FIRST, I TELL YOU! WE TOOK CARE OF THEM — BUT ONE ESCAPED AND THERE MAY BE FURTHER TROUBLE!

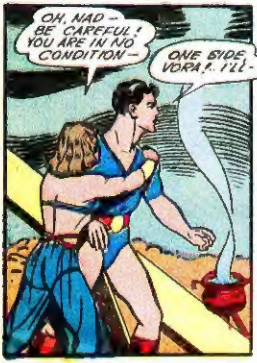
IT TAKES LITTLE TIME AND FEW HOT WORDS TO BRING THE TWO HUGE WORLDS TO ANGRY FERMENT!
THE RACE IS ON - TO PREPARE THE BIGGER FORCE - TO LAUNCH IT FASTER- SO SOON IS PAST THE TIME FOR EXPLANATION... AND QUIET THINKING!
MARS, OF COURSE IS PLEASED!
VARR, TOO, IS SATISFIED
THEY WON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE!
WAR, MIGHTY WAR! - I LOVE IT!
BUT VORA?
OH, HEAVENS! THOSE HUGE FLEETS! THEY'RE COMING TOGETHER!
THAT'S THE NEXOR FORCE, ALL RIGHT!
LET THEM FIRE FIRST THEN GIVE THEM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!


FRANTICALLY, VORA EMPLOYS THE ANCIENT ART OF HER ANCIENT PEOPLE...
KEEP THE CRADLE WORKING!
BRING MORE OF THE VITAMIN SOLUTION, -HURRY!

THE STRUGGLE HAS BEEN LONG AND WEARYING, BUT-AT LAST —


STOP-STOP EVERYTHING! -HE LIVES!

NAD'S RETURN TO LIFE IS SLOW-BUT SURE... BREATHLESSLY VORA BABBLES OUT ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED!
THIS IS TRAGEDY! I MUST DO SOMETHING!
ALL THEIR SHIPS ARE OUT THERE -THEY MAY EVEN BE FIGHTING BY NOW!


OH, NAD - BE CAREFUL! YOU ARE IN NO CONDITION —
ONE SIDE, VORA!. I'LL -

YOU'LL -WHAT?
VARR!
YOU - YOU FILTHY RAT! YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS!

VARR'S ATTACK IS DESPERATE, MADDENED - BUT NAD KNOWS HE MUST WIN!
VARR DROPS HIS CLUB TO GRAPPLE WITH NAD... AND VORA -
- A CRUSHING BLOW!
THE BATTLE RAGES OUT IN SPACE - AS NAD STAGGERS INTO THE GROTH CAMP STILL ON THE LITTLE PLANET -
STOP THEM!.. STOP THEM! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE!
GROTHIANS!.. NEXORIANS! A GREAT ERROR HAS BEEN MADE, LISTEN..
ON HEARING THE NEFARIOUS TRICK PLAYED BY VARR, THE WARSHIPS FIRE A GLAD SALUTE AND DEPART
YOU SAVED ME - AND TWO WORLDS BESIDES!
BUT I ONLY LOVE YOU!
LOVE!.. LOVE!.. LOVE! - ALL THEY EVER THINK ABOUT NOW!
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